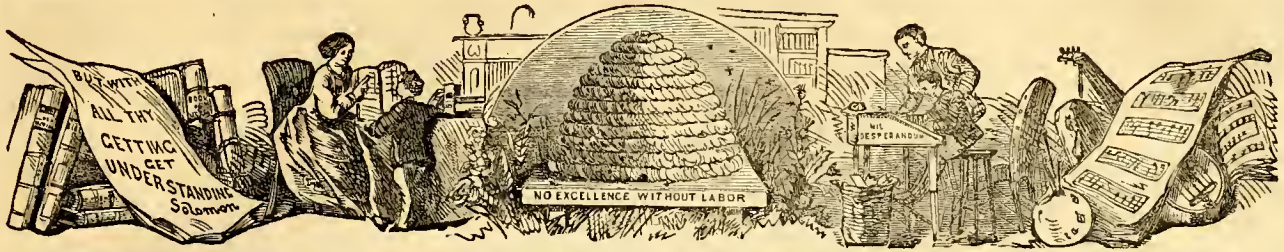


# The Juvenile Instructor



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## SCENES IN JERUSALEM. THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

JERUSALEM is built on a group of lofty hills, separated on almost every side from the neighboring mountains by deep ravines or valleys. The steep sides of these hills have ever been the chief defense of the city, its walls being built on their crest. The best known of these valleys to the reader of the Scriptures, is that which lies on the eastern side of the city, between it and the Mount of Olives, which valley is generally

slopes of the valley he took his disciples for the last time to the garden of Gethsemane, on the night of his betrayal by Judas Iscariot; and back, across its winding pathways, he was led bound with cords by the band of officers and men whom the chief priests had sent with the traitor apostle to take him. This valley appears to have been the favorite burial place of the Jews from a very early period of their national history.



called in the Bible the valley of the brook Kedron, but now known as the valley of Jehosaphat.

It was across this valley that the Redeemer so often led his disciples, from the busy streets of Jerusalem, when he took them up into the Mount of Olives to teach them midst its solitudes the love of our Father in Heaven. Across it he journeyed, when troubled at the unbelief and wickedness of the Jews, he sought comfort and rest from their persecutions in the little village of Bethany, at the home of his loved friends Lazarus, Mary and Martha. From the city to the eastern

And there seems to be an idea prevalent with them, as well as with the Moslems and the Roman Catholics, that it will be the scene of the last judgment. They all have strange traditions with regard to it, partly based, no doubt, on the sayings of the ancient prophets, and partly on the uninspired theories of their more modern teachers.

The Moslem believes that at a certain point, at the top of the lofty wall of the enclosure of the mosque of Omar, known as the Haram, their prophet Mahommed will sit enthroned to judge the world. Some of them asserting that from a small



arched window near his throne, a bridge no broader than the edge of a razor, will stretch across the deep glen to the side of the opposite mount. Along that perilous path all mankind must travel. To the faithful followers of Mahommed, supernatural aid will be given and they will cross it in safety. But all others will be left to their own unaided powers, their footing will fail and they will be dashed into the depths of the abyss below.

Many of the Jews have also a strange belief with regard to this valley. Thousands of them have traveled thither from distant lands, when old age or failing health has warned them that their days on this earth were short, for the sole purpose of laying their bodies down in the midst of their brethren beneath the favored soil of this valley. All along the left bank of the ravine and up the side of the mount of Olives, their white tomb-stones lie so thickly side by side, as in many places to put the visitor in mind of a solid pavement that had been slightly disturbed by an earthquake. Above this valley on the mount of Olives, they believe the Messiah will stand on the morning of the resurrection and will call on all the dead to come forth. That mountain will be cleft asunder, and those who lie buried in this favored spot will at once appear in the presence of their God, while those buried in far off lands will have to burrow like moles underground, until they reach this happy valley, and like their brethren rise through its soil to hail their King.

There is no doubt much truth mixed up in these absurd traditions. The prophet Joel says, in the name of the Lord, "I will gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehosaphat, and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land.....Let the heathen be wakened and come up to the valley of Jehosaphat; for there will I sit to judge the heathen round about.....Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining. The Lord shall roar out of Zion and utter his voice from Jerusalem; and the heavens and the earth shall shake, but the Lord will be the hope of his people and the strength of the children of Israel.

Zachariah, also, speaking for the Lord, says that He will gather all nations to battle against Jerusalem, which is to be taken and suffer all the horrors of a conquered city, half its people being led forth into captivity. "Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof towards the east and towards the west, and there shall be a very great valley; and half the mountain shall remove towards the north and half towards the south." Thus we see that the valley of Jehosaphat has yet to witness many wonderful scenes, connected with the redemption of Israel and the coming of the Messiah. It is these truths, mixed up with the false traditions of their priests, that have shaped into the foolish ideas that we have given above. But of what the prophets have said all will be fulfilled.

There are sad stories interwoven with the history of the valley of Jehosaphat. Here right under the shadow of the temple of the living God, the apostate people sacrificed their children to Moloch and other deities of the neighboring heathen nations. Here their wicked kings planted groves and built altars to Baal, as if in mockery of the sacred buildings above them.

There is one tomb or pillar in the valley that is of peculiar interest. Tradition points it out as that pillar the Scriptures tell us Absalom, the rebellious son of David, raised to his own

name; for he said "I have no son to keep my name in remembrance." The Jews are in the habit of spitting at it, and throwing stones at it as they pass by. Here also they bring their children and tell them of Absalom's fate, as a warning to them to avoid Absalom's sin, and to keep them in mind of that law of God: "Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

G. R.

## LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

*Taken from a little work—THE ROCKET—published by the American Tract Society.*

IN 1692, an old writer states, "There is an admirable commodiousness both for men and women of the better rank to travel from London, the like of which has not been known in the world; and that is, by stage-coaches, wherein one may be transferred to any place, sheltered from foul weather, with a velocity and speed equal to the fastest posts in foreign countries; for the stage-coaches called 'Flying-coaches' make forty or fifty miles a day."

An English paper, bearing the date of January, 1775, has this advertisement: "HEREFORD MACHINE. In a day and a half, twice a week, continues flying from the Swan in Hereford, Monday and Thursday, to London."

What would the people of those days say to a railroad car, especially on the "Lightning Train?"

The first stage-coach between Boston and New York began, June 24th, 1772, to run once a fortnight, starting on the thirteenth, and arriving on the twenty-eighth, fifteen days' travel. Now the distance is gone over in less than the same number of hours. And so the first stage-coach between New York and Philadelphia, begun in 1756, occupied three days in the journey. Three days dwindle down to three hours in the cars.

In the Scriptures we find Isaiah with prophetic eye looking over the centuries to these later times, and penning down, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain;" and "swift messengers" are seen executing the world's affairs—no meagre description of the great means of intercourse in our day, the railway and telegraph. The prophet saw it in a clearing of the track for the kingdom of the Redeemer, which is sometime to spread over the whole earth as "the waters cover the sea." Men make good tools and instruments for themselves. They forget they are perfecting them for God also, who is using them, and who will use them to make known the precious gospel of his Son, "peace on earth, and good will to men."

What became of George Stephenson and his son Robert? the boys will have the curiosity to ask.

George and Robert Stephenson took their rank among the great men of England—that class of great men who contribute to the true prosperity of the world, by giving it better tools to do its labor with. A good tool is a great civilizer. The more perfect the instrument, the greater the number of persons benefited; for the sagacity necessary to invention and discovery, and the intelligence required to mature them, are large-hearted and broad-minded. They work for the many, not the few.

The history of railways in England it is not my object to give you, and that enters largely into the remaining period of George Stephenson's life; you will find it fully detailed in Smiles's life of him. He became rich and famous, yet he always preserved the simple habits and tastes of his early days.



Though asked to dine at the richly spread tables of lords and baronets, no dish suited his taste better than his frugal oatmeal "crowdie," and no cook served it better than himself. Kings and queens thought it a privilege to talk with him. Liverpool erected a statue of him. The king of Belgium knighted him. He cared little for honors. When somebody, wishing to dedicate a book to him, asked what his "ornamental initials" were; "I have to state," replied he, "that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after. I think it will be as well, if you merely say, 'George Stephenson.'"

Young men beginning life often called upon him for advice and assistance. He hated show and foppery, and a weakness in that direction often got reproof. One day one came flourishing a gold-headed cane. "Put by that stick, my man," said Stephenson, "and I will talk with you."

"You will, sir, I hope, excuse me," he said, on another occasion, to a gaily dressed youth; "I am plain spoken, and am sorry to see a clever young man like you, disfigured by that fine-patterned waistcoat, and all those chains and fang-dangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with those things when I was of your age, I would not have been where I now am."

Wholesome as were his reproofs, his counsel was as reliable, and his help as timely. From the mine of his own rugged experience, he had gathered truths richer than grains of gold; and he never allowed any good opportunity to pass without insisting upon the practice of those homelier and sterner virtues which form the strong woof of character. When building a road between Birmingham and London, Robert walked twenty times over the entire route, illustrating the patient assiduity taught him by his father. No slipshod work could escape their eye. "*Neglect nothing*," was their motto. As a Killingworth collier, he put his brains and his heart into his work. As a master-builder, he put his conscience into it. All his work was honest, representing the actual character of the man.

When the rough and tumble of life began to subside, and he became a more stationary engine, with greater leisure for the enjoyment of his now ample home, his old love for birds, dogs, horses and rabbits revived. There was not a bird's nest upon his grounds that he did not know, and he often watched their building with a builder's interest; a blade of grass, a bit of bark, a nest of birds, an ant tugging for one poor grain, were all to his mind revelations of the wonderful mechanism and creative power of God.

He died in August, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Robert proved himself worthy of such a father. They were alike in character, intimately associated in the great engineering enterprises of the day, and bound to each other by the fondest affection.

George built roads, Robert bridges to run them over; for railroads have given birth to the most stupendous and splendid bridges the world ever saw. The famous tubular bridge over the straits of Menai, connecting Holyhead with the main land, and the High Level bridge of Newcastle, built by him, are monuments of engineering skill. You often see pictures of them. The most remarkable work of his genius, however, is on *this* side of the Atlantic ocean.

The Grand Trunk railway of Canada, terminating at Montreal, was wanted to connect with the seaboard; and the road was extended from Montreal to Portland, Maine. But the river St. Lawrence, deep and broad, sweeping down its mighty current the waters and ice of the great lakes, broke the line and separated the road into two parts. The river must be spanned. A bridge must be built. It was a stupendous undertaking, but Robert Stephenson can do it. Robert Stephenson did do it. It is thrown from Languire to a point half a mile below the city, a distance of nearly two miles. It is composed

of twenty-four spans, and has three million feet of solid masonry in it. The road runs through iron tubes, sixty feet above the river, and the train is nine minutes going across. There are ten thousand tons of iron in the tubes. It was six years in building. It is called the Goliath of bridges, and is named the Victoria bridge, in honor of the queen.

Robert drafted, calculated estimated and superintended section after section of this immense work, and yet never visited the scene of labor; photographs were sent him of its progress step by step. It was finished December, 1859, and opened with all the festal honors possible in that season of the year. At the entertainments given there was one toast: "Robert Stephenson, the greatest engineer the world ever saw," followed by no cheers.

For Robert Stephenson was dead. He died the 12th of October, two months before the full completion of the work, in the rich prime of a noble manhood. His death was looked upon as a public calamity, and England, with a true sense of his worth, laid him side by side with her most honored dead. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, with her kings and queens, her princes and poets, her warriors and statesmen. The funeral procession was between two and three miles long; thousands lined the streets, and thousands pressed into the abbey. Tickets were necessary in order to get entrance; and one of the most pressing applicants was an humble working-man, who years before drove the first locomotive-engine from Birmingham to London, with Robert Stephenson at his elbow.

The humble Newcastle collier-boy crowned his life with honorable toil; and at his death, a nation mourned a great man fallen.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

## CATECHISM ON THE HISTORY OF THE INDIANS.

56. What family had Ishmael?  
A wife, two sons and five daughters.
57. Did they all return to Lehi in safety?  
Yes.
58. After this, how long did they travel in the wilderness?  
Eight years.
59. What did they name the country they halted in after their eight years' travel?  
Bountiful.
60. Was it by the sea or inland?  
By the sea.
61. What did God command Nephi to do?  
Build a ship.
62. Did he do so?  
Yes.
63. What did they do then?  
All went into the ship.
64. Across what ocean did they sail?  
The Pacific.
65. To what continent were they led?  
South America.
66. What is that part of the country now called on which they landed?  
Chili.
67. A city now stands near where they landed; what is its name?  
Valparaiso.
68. What did the Lord command Nephi to make?  
Plates of metal.
69. What for?  
To write on.
70. After the death of Lehi did Laman and Lemuel rebel against Nephi?  
Yes.



# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON. : EDITOR.

MAY 15, 1868.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**P**ASSING into a Sunday School lately we saw a group of boys collected in the middle of the street. One of them had a saddled horse, and he was lengthening the stirrups, with the intention of riding. We should have passed them without noticing them particularly, had we not heard the one that had the horse ask that he might be damned if he did not do something or other. The expression astonished us, for it is a very rare thing for us to hear cursing or swearing in our streets, especially from boys. But this boy asked that he might be cursed in such a way that led us to think he was accustomed to use such language. He seemed to think that, as he was a larger boy than those who stood around him, he could impress them with the idea that he was smart and manly by talking in that way. We are very much mistaken, however, if the little boys who heard him did not think him a very ignorant, low-bred boy for using such expressions.

The most of our boys go to Sunday School, and there they are taught that it is low and mean to use bad language. We are satisfied that such boys do not admire those who curse and swear; they pity them. It is very foolish for a boy to think that bad language is a sign of either smartness or manliness. It is a sign of ignorance and low breeding. Whenever a man or boy indulges in vulgar language, or in cursing and swearing, he degrades himself in the eyes of every sensible person, and if he had the proper feeling, he would be ashamed of himself. Some people curse and swear by way of giving force to their language. But does it have that effect? It certainly does not. Teamsters who curse and swear have no more control over their horses, cattle or mules than those who do not. If any boy doubts this, let him watch the mules and oxen which come here in the freight trains. They are mostly driven by teamsters who come from the States, and who think that animals cannot be controlled without heavy whipping and cursing and swearing. The oaths which they use are terrific. But their teams do not mind them.

But you watch the trains that are owned by men who will not allow their teamsters to curse and swear at their teams, and you will see that their animals obey them though they do not make any fuss or noise, and do not whip them severely. If men who do not swear should have to drive teams that have been cursed and beaten, they may have some little trouble at first in making them mind; but the teams will soon learn to obey them, and will do more for them than they did for their former drivers. Animals know when they are well-treated, and kindness is not thrown away upon them. Of course, with men, kind words and mild expressions go much further and have greater weight than harsh, noisy words and cursing and swearing. The former win them, while the latter only make them angry.

Boys, avoid cursing, swearing, vulgar and uncouth language, and everything of that nature. People will respect you for so doing. Even wicked boys and men admire and honor in their

secret hearts the boys and men who control their tongues and who do not speak rudely and profanely.

## NED'S "DIDN'T THINK".

**O**PENING the door of a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to the small back court, where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah Ned, what is the matter?"

"Mother won't let me go fishing. Harry and Tom are going to the harbor and I want to go."

Here Ned kicked his toes angrily against the post, to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked, as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden walk.

"It's mine," cried Ned, in an altered tone.

"No, indeed. What a fine little fellow! Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father bought him for me. He is so knowing, and I teach him many things. See him find my knife;" and Ned, wiping away his tears, threw his knife into the grass.

"There, Wag," said he, "now go and find my knife." Wag plunged into the grass, and after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth, and brought the knife to his young master.

"Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me, and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This is a knife worth having," said I; "four blades."

"Tis a real good one," said Ned; "father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools, too."

Ned looked up brightly, and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that you hurt your foot so with?"

"O, no," cried Ned, "that was done with an ax; but I've got well now."

"I was afraid you would be laid up all the spring."

"Well, it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took very good care of that. It was lonely staying in the house so; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father often stayed with me."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned."

The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lip.

"I suppose there are none who have your interest and your happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you trust them, Ned, and willingly agree to their wishes? You may not, indeed, know the reason why they object to your going; but, from all your experience of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reason for doing so? And, surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, will you sit there and murmur and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial of your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, but that little he ought to do most cheerfully. I suppose the best return a child can make to parents, is a cheerful obedience. How small that seems? And will you grudge giving that, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "O sir," said he, humbly, "I did not think of all this—I didn't think of it."

"Didn't think" is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring against both our earthly parents and our Father who is in heaven.—*Selected.*



For the Juvenile Instructor.

# THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE engraving which we give herewith is known as the "Landing of the Pilgrims." We presume that all the JUVENILES who can read know something of the "Pilgrim Fathers." They were Englishmen; but on account of their religion they could not live peaceably in their own country. Their opponents called them "Puritans," as a nickname. They were harrassed, annoyed and oppressed in England, and they resolved to leave their native land and seek liberty in some other country. They made arrangements to sail to Holland; but when they were embarked, and, as they thought, just upon the point of sailing, officers came on board, who carried them off to prison. They treated them with indignity. But they finally succeeded in reaching Amsterdam, the principal city of Holland. This was probably in the fall or early winter of 1607. They remained at that city about a year, and then John

He never came to America; but died in Holland. His children, however, afterwards emigrated. The PILGRIMS sailed from Delfthaven for Southampton, England. From that port they sailed for America. The *Speedwell* leaked, and she put back. The *May Flower*, carrying one hundred and one men, women and children, after a boisterous passage of sixty-three days, came in sight of the coast of New England, off the far-famed headland of Cape Cod. This was at daybreak on the 9th of November, 1620.

When they sailed from England they expected to settle near the Hudson river, but adverse winds drove them upon the more northerly coasts of Massachusetts Bay. Before they landed they framed themselves into a body, chose a governor and drew up an agreement, which all the men signed. This document was the first instrument of civil government, of which we have any account, ever signed as the act of the whole people. It may be regarded as the foundation of civil and religious liberty in the Western World.

The ocean lay between the PILGRIMS and their persecutors,



Robinson, who was their pastor, removed with his congregation to Leyden, another city of Holland. Here they lived several years. But though they had liberty of conscience in Holland, and were not persecuted, they were not entirely satisfied. They were Englishmen; the bad treatment they had received in England did not make them forget nor dislike their name and race. They did not wish their children to grow up among a people whose language and customs were strange to them. They wanted to find a lasting abiding place, where they could build up a "Christian commonwealth." They looked towards America, and thought they could, as one of their number has written, "lay a foundation for the gospel of Christ in these remote parts—even but as stepping stones to others for the performance of so great a work."

In 1620, they purchased two vessels—the *Speedwell*, of sixty tons, and the *May Flower*, of one hundred and eighty tons. It was decided, upon the general request, that Robinson should remain in Holland with those of the congregation who were unfit for pioneers, or were unable to find room in the vessels.

yet they found that their sufferings were but about to commence. They had reached a wild, inhospitable coast, with its severe frosts and cutting winds, as the winter was beginning to set in. But—

"They sought not gold nor guilty ease,  
Upon this rock-bound shore—  
They left such prizeless toys as these  
To those who loved them more.  
They sought to breathe a freer air,  
To worship God unchain'd;  
They welcomed pain and danger here,  
When rights like these were gain'd."

The strongest men of the company proceeded to explore the country which they had reached. On Monday morning, December 22nd, 1620, the band of pioneers first set foot upon the rock of Plymouth—so called in memory of their friends in the same town in England. They decided upon its fitness as a place of settlement, and returned, with the good news, to the rest of their people cooped up on board the *May Flower*,



"which did much comfort their hearts." The anchor was joyfully weighed, and in a few days the vessel was brought around and moored in the harbor. The whole company landed near where the explorers stepped ashore. In the illustration you see the *May Flower* in the distance. On the shore the PILGRIMS are assembled. They are offering up their thanksgivings to the Almighty, who has brought them across the stormy sea to this land of freedom. The figure standing in the centre of the group is intended for William Brewster, who acted as their spiritual leader after leaving Holland.

There is a very great resemblance between the settling of New England by the PILGRIMS, and the settling of these valleys by the Latter-day Saints. They sought freedom from persecution; and were desirous, at all hazards, to find a place where they could worship God in freedom and security. So did the Latter-day Saints. In the perils of the deep—amidst sufferings on shore—in failing health—in bitter privation—the faith of the PILGRIMS sustained them. They desired to keep the commandments of God, and He blessed and sustained them.

So with the Saints. In the midst of their enemies—in the trackless wilderness—in the sickness which assailed them at Winter Quarters—in the toilsome journey through an unknown country to this valley—in the scarcity of food—their trust was in God. Their faith did not falter, their courage did not fail them.

In the case of the PILGRIMS their deep religious feeling, their stern integrity, their guileless simplicity, their passion for freedom and abhorrence of oppression, their obedience to law, their steady courage and hardy enterprise, their laborious, frugal and self-denying habits, were the noble qualities which made them the fit founders of a great empire.

It is these qualities which make the Latter-day Saints a power in the land; for they possess them to as great an extent as did the PILGRIM FATHERS, and they have an advantage, which those people did not have—they have the Holy Priesthood to guide them.

## Uncle Gregory's Visits.

*For the Juvenile Instructor.*

### VISIT XXII.

#### THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

WEEKS and months rolled away, and papa attended the works of Messrs. Goodman & Co. with such fidelity that he became quite a favorite with the members of the firm, who would frequently remark that no matter what his religious views were, he certainly was a very honest, faithful, industrious man. On the Sabbath day he attended meetings, preached and bore testimony to the truth. Mary and Ellen went frequently with a sister, with whom they became acquainted, tract distributing. In the branch to which they belonged there was a society formed by some of the brethren and sisters, called the Tract Distributing Society. A tract is a small, unbound book, giving a description of the principles of the gospel. These tracts they would leave at the houses in the neighborhood of the meeting house, and invite the people to attend the meetings. Sometimes they were kindly received, at other times they were abused and had the doors slammed in their faces. Sometimes they were invited into the houses and

entreated to leave so fearful a delusion, and not to suffer themselves to be so deceived by wicked men. This gave the sister an opportunity of bearing her testimony and advocating the truth, and many, many faithful testimonies for the truth have been given by the faithful sister-tract-distributors; and many an honest soul has received the truth through their labors.

Sometimes papa would go a few miles out in the country to preach in the open air. At times he would receive good attention. On other occasions they would abuse him and cast rocks and rotten eggs at him. You think it strange that people should be so wicked. Did not Jesus Christ suffer insults, revilings and, ultimately, death for preaching the gospel of life and salvation? Papa was one of his servants. They did not know anything about his conduct, whether he was a good man or not; but it was his principles. They were opposed to "Mormonism," as they called it. The ministers of their churches and chapels had warned the people not to listen to the "Mormonites," for they were the false prophets of the latter days, and would lead the people to destruction; consequently there was a prejudice against them, and wickedly inclined, cowardly boys and young men would take advantage of this prejudice to insult and abuse the servant of God. And this, my dear children, is the way that your fathers have preached the gospel of Christ and sought after the sons and daughters of Israel. The world is opposed to them; they have torn aside the veil of superstition, and by the power of God have preached the gospel and warned the inhabitants of judgments to come. Your fathers are the sons of God, clothed with the holy priesthood, and can teach you the principles of life and salvation. Listen to them; honor them; obey them that your days may be long upon the earth and enjoy pure happiness.

Mary and Ellen loved their father dearly, and loved to obey him and do all they could for his happiness, for they knew that, through his toil, they enjoyed food and clothing and the comfortable home to live in; and they prized his love and blessing. When he came home tired from his day's toil he always found his slippers and an easy coat by the easy chair, which was drawn up to the fireside, and everything looked so clean and cosy that it was fit for an angel to visit. All this sprung from pure and holy love, without which there is no true happiness.

And so the time rolled on, time spent in well doing, until, by patient industry and frugality, papa found himself the owner of sufficient means to emigrate to the valley of Great Salt Lake. Thankful indeed was this family when they found themselves the owners of sufficient means to emigrate to Zion. The season was drawing near for the emigration, and many were the important consultations and conversations that were had. The girls were eager for the journey, and saw nothing but a pleasure trip; but their parents saw a journey of difficulties and trials—the voyage over the sea, with its ship experience—the journey through the States, with its experience and dangers in the cars—the journey over the plains, through an Indian country—and, lastly, a life in a new country, hundreds of miles from other settlements. They had one solid comfort, one great stay: they knew the object of their journey, and their experience had taught them that God lived and that they were his children. They had obeyed his commandments, and were heirs to the great blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. This gave them hope, peace, confidence and joy, and would sustain them under all difficulties. They calmly counselled together to go with as little luggage as they could, not to take anything that would not pay for carriage, and to try to make everything count in their favor.

*(To be Continued.)*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.



# Biography.

## JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



On the 1st of July, 1841, President B. Young and Elders H. C. Kimball and John Taylor arrived at Nauvoo from their mission to England. Their brethren, who had been with them to England, were detained a few days after them by business, visiting their relatives, etc. They had performed a glorious mission, and they returned with great joy to their families and to the society of the Saints. They had started upon their journey, as our readers will recollect, under very peculiar circumstances. They were sick, their families were sick; and they were compelled to leave them without any visible means of support and without comfortable places to shelter them. Yet they started; and God proved to them that His promises are sure. He preserved them on their journey, furnished them means wherewith to travel, raised them up friends, healed them, and made them the instruments of bringing thousands to the knowledge of the truth. They now returned strong in body, rich in faith and experience, to find their families alive and well, and to rejoice, once more, in the society of the prophet and Saints of God. And could Joseph not appreciate them? His experience had taught him to place a high value upon men of truth and integrity. He delighted in the faithfulness of the Twelve. They had gone forth without hesitation to fulfill the command of God, and he knew that, now they had returned, they would sustain and be a comfort to him. Under the date of August 1st, he wrote:

"All the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles who were expected here this season, with the exception of Elders Willard Richards and Wilford Woodruff, have arrived. We have listened to the accounts which they give of their success, and the prosperity of the work of the Lord in Great Britain with pleasure. They certainly have been the instruments in the hands of God, of accomplishing much, and must have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their duty. Perhaps no men ever undertook such an important mission under such peculiarly distressing, forbidding, and unpropitious circumstances. Most of them when they left this place, nearly two years ago, were worn down with sickness and disease, or were taken sick on the road. Several of their families were also afflicted and needed their aid and support. But knowing that they had been called by the God of Heaven to preach the Gospel to other nations, they conferred not with flesh and blood, but obedient to the heavenly mandate, *without purse or scrip*, commenced a journey of five thousand miles entirely dependent on the providences of that God who had called them to such a holy calling. While journeying to the sea board, they were brought into many trying circumstances; after a short recovery from severe sickness, they would be taken with a relapse, and have to stop among strangers, without money and without friends. Their lives were several times despaired of, and they have taken each other by the hand, expecting it would be the last time they should behold one another in the flesh. However, notwithstanding their afflictions and trials, the Lord always interposed in their behalf, and did not suffer them to

sink in the arms of death. Some way or other was made for their escape—friends rose up when they most needed them, and relieved their necessities; and thus they were enabled to pursue their journey and rejoice in the Holy One of Israel. They, truly, 'went forth weeping, bearing precious seed,' but have 'returned with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them.'"

On the 7th of August Don Carlos Smith, Joseph's youngest brother, died. He was twenty-five years old at the time of his death. He was a young man of considerable promise, and had been very active and zealous in the work from the commencement. He was one of the first to receive the testimony of Joseph respecting the gospel. The evening after the plates of the Book of Mormon were shown to the eight witnesses, a meeting was held at which all the witnesses bore testimony to the truth of the latter-day dispensation. Don Carlos was present at this meeting, and also bore the same testimony. He was ordained to the Priesthood when only fourteen years old, and at that early age accompanied his father on a mission to his grandfather and relatives in St. Lawrence county, New York. While on this mission he was the means of convincing a Baptist minister of the truth of the work of God. After this he took several missions, and was very active in the ministry at home, being one of the twenty-four Elders, who laid the corner-stones of the Kirtland Temple. Before he was quite twenty years old he was ordained President of the High Priests' quorum, in which capacity he acted until the time of his death. He and his counselors laid the south west corner-stone of the Temple at Nauvoo. He was a printer, having learned the business in the office of Oliver Cowdery at Kirtland, and when the *Elders' Journal* was published there, he took charge of the establishment. After the Saints removed to Nauvoo, he commenced making preparations for publishing the *Times and Seasons*. To get the paper issued at an early date he was under the necessity of cleaning out a cellar, through which a spring was constantly flowing, that being the only place where he could put up the press. He caught cold at this labor; and this, with administering to the sick, impaired his health, which he never fully recovered again. At the time of his death he was Brigadier General of the first Cohort of the Nauvoo Legion, and a member of the City Council of Nauvoo. Like Joseph and his other brothers, he was a splendidly-formed man physically, being six feet four inches high, very straight and well-made, and strong and active. He was much beloved by all who knew him; for he was wise beyond his years, and he appeared to have a great future before him. His death was a heavy blow to his family and relatives. Joseph felt it severely.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

## HISTORY OF JESUS.

### CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT an auspicious time—what a strange and interesting event! Jesus the Son of God, the Savior of the world, who had been crucified at Jerusalem—had been to preach to the spirits in prison—had returned and with his body resurrected from the tomb, had ascended up to heaven, had now again descended on the Western Continent and was standing in the presence of a multitude of people who saw him and heard his voice. It is no wonder that when they understood who he was, that in joyful astonishment they should have fallen to the earth.

There was a man by the name of Nephi, whom Jesus commanded to arise and come forward. And he arose and went and bowed himself before Jesus and kissed his feet. Jesus told him to arise, and he stood up, and Jesus gave him author-



ity to baptize in His name for the remission of sins. He also called eleven others unto him and conferred on them the same authority, and gave them the same instructions as he gave to his chosen disciples in Jerusalem. Jesus stood talking for a long time, sometimes addressing himself to the twelve he had chosen, and at other times to the multitude, instructing them how to be saved, by being baptized in His name for the remission of their sins, and then by keeping all of His commandments. With very many other things, he told the twelve that they were a light to the people who were called a remnant of the house of Joseph; and that this was the land of their inheritance which the Father had given unto them.

When Jesus looked upon the multitude and saw that they were not able to comprehend all the words that his Father had commissioned him to say to them, he told them to return to their homes and ponder what he had said to them, and ask the Father in his name that they might understand, and thus prepare their minds for the morrow, when he would visit them again. He told them that he must return to the Father and then go and shew himself to the lost tribes of the house of Israel, and come back to them the next day. Jesus was not idle—he was constantly doing good.

When the people saw that Jesus was going to leave them, they looked so sorrowful and expressed in their countenances so much desire that he should remain longer, that his heart was filled with sympathy, and he told them to bring all of the sick, blind, lame, deaf and all that were afflicted with any kind of disease, that he might do for them the same as he had done for their brethren in Jerusalem. And the whole multitude went immediately and brought the blind, the deaf and dumb, and all that were in any way afflicted, and he healed every one. And all those who had been healed and all those that were whole, bowed down and worshipped him, and as many as could get near enough kissed his feet and bathed them with tears.

Then Jesus commanded them to bring their little children: and they brought them and sat them down on the ground around him and he stood in the midst of the children, for the multitude of people drew back and gave place for them so that all could be brought. As the group of children sat there, Jesus told the people to kneel down—he also knelt and prayed nightly to his Father, and the holy spirit rested down on the whole multitude, and they were filled with greater joy than it is possible to express. And when Jesus had done praying he arose and told the people to arise from their knees, and he blessed them and said they were blessed because of their faith; and he wept, saying "My joy is full." And he took the little children one by one and blessed them, and prayed for them. And again he wept, and said to the multitude, "Behold your little ones."

And the people looked and saw the heavens opened, and the angels of God descending in the midst of fire; and they came down and encircled the children around, and those little ones were encircled about with fire, and the angels ministered unto them. And the whole multitude heard, and they all saw the beautiful, grand and heavenly sight. It was a most splendid tableau for mortal eyes to gaze upon. It was exhibited in the presence of about two thousand and five hundred persons, men, women and children.

After this glorious exhibition, Jesus commanded the twelve whom he had chosen to bring bread and wine to him, and while they were gone for the bread and wine, he told the multitude to sit down on the ground; and he took the bread and blessed it, and gave to his disciples and told them to eat and then give to the multitude; and administered the wine in the same manner. After which he gave them a great deal of instruction, and then, one by one, he touched his disciples whom he had chosen and gave them power to impart the Holy Ghost.

After he had touched them all, a cloud overshadowed the multitude so that they could not see Jesus, and he departed from them and ascended into heaven.

Then every man took his wife and children and went to his own home.  
E. R. S.

## Selected Poetry.

### SPRING.

Oh, 'tis spring, 'tis beautiful spring,  
And the trees are all blooming around,  
And see how the tender young grass  
Spreads over the face of the ground.

The birds are all building their nests,  
And can scarce spare a moment to eat,  
And yet they now and then stop on the spray,  
And pour forth a carol most sweet.

The sheep are released from the fold  
To nibble their delicate meal,  
While the lambskins, as merry as May,  
Are gamboling over the hill.

Every creature that lives is at work,  
To provide for the season to come;  
And he must be tilling the ground,  
Who would have loaded wagons go home.

Then will I be idle no more,  
But study as hard as I can,  
And a good stock of knowledge lay up,  
To use when I've grown to be a man.

And as this is the spring of my life,  
The seeds of all goodness I'll sow,  
That as fast as my years shall increase,  
In my heart every virtue may grow.

THE answer to the Charade in No. 8 is CALIFORNIA. The following sent us correct answers: M. E. Shipley, P. A. Brown, A. A. Fitzgerald, E. A. Smith, L. E. Fitzgerald, H. Burnham, M. J. Allen, A. Fenton, Mrs. W. D. Johnson, E. A. Condie, Jos. Toronto, jr., R. A. Lewis, J. H. Parry, J. L. Evans, M. Hammar, J. B. Stoddart, M. M. A. Yates, M. Weibye, J. M. Fisher, K. Thurmond, M. Cook.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto thee, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

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